

The Lament of the Church at the Sepulchre
of the Righteous.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH

OF

FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD ESQ.,

DELIVERED IN THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11TH, 1851.

BY

THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

PHILADELPHIA:
L. R. BAILEY, PRINTER, 26 N. FIFTH STREET.
1851.

TO THE
ELDERS OF THE THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

In whose counsels and sympathy, I have for near fifteen years found wisdom and consolation, and whose mutual love no discord has ever for a moment disturbed, this Discourse on the death of our brother is respectfully and affectionately dedicated, by

THOMAS BRAINERD.

AT A MEETING OF THE BAR, held on Saturday morning, May 3d, 1851, in the Supreme Court Room on the occasion of the death of FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD Esq., Judge KING was appointed Chairman, and J. G. CLARKSON, Secretary.

Judge KING, on taking the Chair, made the following remarks :

We have, as I understand, assembled for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased member of the Bar, whom we held in the highest estimation.

My relations with Mr. Raybold personally commenced at very early life. His father was an intimate friend of my early years, and I traced the progress of his son from boyhood to manhood.

I have observed his conduct as an officer of my own Court, when he was the chief assistant of Mr. Palmer. I have noticed his conduct while practising his profession, and have ever observed him to be characterised by remarkable integrity of character, a life of truth and high and elevated moral tone.

Indeed, I think I might fairly offer his course as an example to the younger members of the Bar, that which ought to be the course of those who expect ultimately to gain a prominent and lasting reputation in our profession.

This is the first occasion at which I have appeared at a meeting of the members of the Bar, and in mingling with you now is not a mere cold form, but it is intended to express my deep regard for him, whose death is a loss to society ; of an honest man and a good citizen ; and to manifest to his family that degree of sympathy which may have a consoling influence on their minds.

WILLIAM B. REED Esq. offered the following resolutions, which were seconded by SAMUEL H. PERKINS Esq., and unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That we have heard with extreme regret of the sudden death of our fellow member, FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD Esq., and hasten to express the sorrow with which we have received the intelligence.

Resolved, That Mr. Raybold's position before his professional brethren and before the public, was that of high respectability, having attained it by a steady course of exemplary conduct, devoted to the highest aims of his profession, the faithful discharge of his duty as a lawyer and citizen, and a gentleness and a propriety of demeanor which conciliated the regard and esteem of all around him.

Resolved, That in the still higher relations of life, as a Christian man and a member of society, Mr. Raybold had other claims to the respect and consideration of his fellow citizens. He was an unostentatious professor of the form of Christian faith to which he was attached, and gave to the community the benefit, in this respect, of an example which deserves the grateful remembrance of all who feel that one of the highest excellencies of human character is the connection of practical piety with a discharge of the active duties of life.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that these Resolutions be communicated to the family of Mr. Raybold.

On motion of SAMUEL H. AUSTIN Esq., the following Committee were appointed to communicate them to the family :

Judge King, J. G. Clarkson, Samuel H. Perkins, Wm. Rawle, Samuel H. Austin.

On motion of CHRISTOPHER FALLON Esq., ordered that the proceedings be published.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS for the Admission of Law Students to the Bar, held May 6th, 1851, the decease of FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD Esq. was announced by the Hon. JOEL JONES.

The following Resolutions were presented by ASA I. FISH Esq., and unanimously adopted :

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to deprive this Board of one of its members, by the death of FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD Esq.—Therefore,

Resolved, That in his death, we mourn the loss of an estimable fellow member of the Bar, and colleague in our labors, as a Board of Examiners.

Resolved, That the virtues and piety of our deceased brother, furnish an example worthy of all imitation.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the Board, and a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased.

THOMAS BIDDLE,
Secretary of the Board of Examiners.

Extract from the Minutes of the Meeting of the BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the Third Presbyterian Church, held on Tuesday evening, 6th May, 1851.

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Disposer of all events to remove from our midst FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD Esq., who has been a member of this Board for nearly twenty years, and during that period has filled the office of Secretary to their entire satisfaction—we feel that our loss is one of no ordinary character. His amiable disposition and Christian virtues greatly endeared him to us as an individual, and his loss has caused us deeply to mourn, and to call into exercise our liveliest sympathy with his family and friends: Therefore,

Resolved, That this Board, amid the gloom of sorrow, beholds the Rainbow of hope and rejoices. It is true he has fallen in our midst, but honored and beloved; it is true he is absent from us, but we trust he is present with the Lord, and entered upon the felicities of that bright world, “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;” and while we mourn our loss and deeply sympathize with his bereaved family, may we not rejoice that our loss is his eternal gain, and that now he is able, with the myriad of the redeemed, to exclaim, in the language of Holy Writ, “Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

R. W. DAVENPORT,
THOMAS CRAVEN,
D. C. M'CAMMON, } *Committee.*

At a Meeting of the SESSION of the Third Presbyterian Church, held on the 16th of May, 1851, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased God to remove from our number by death, our brother FREDERICK A. RAYBOLD, a member of this Session: Therefore,

Resolved, That we record our unanimous testimony to the energy, promptness, courtesy, practical wisdom and Christian fidelity, which marked his whole deportment as a member of this body; and while we all lament his loss, we bless God for the grace imparted to his servant, to honor the gospel by a faith and holiness which give assurance that he has gone to inherit a crown of life.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute, signed by each member of the Session, be sent to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our deep sympathy in their sorrows.

THOMAS BRAINERD, *Moderator.*
R. W. DAVENPORT,
JOHN C. FARR,
ALEX. WHILLDIN,
LEVI ELDRIDGE,
THOMAS M'KELLAR.

S E R M O N .

T E X T :

Acts viii. 2—"And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

THIS is the brief record of the first Christian funeral. Religion sanctifies natural evils, and soothes earth's sorrows, but it does not annihilate death or tears. Hence amid the earliest triumphs of the gospel, we find a good man dying by violence, and a cluster of grief-stricken disciples weeping the loss of a departed saint.

The whole scene is one of awful interest. The stern fidelity of Stephen, as he stood alone to rebuke the guilt of a favored but apostate people—the writhings of conscience and tumults of passion stirred by his manly eloquence—the screams of the infuriate mob, as they broke over all restraint and clamored for his death—the radiant aspect of the martyr, as by faith he saw the heavens opened, and the lamb-like meekness of his spirit, as, bruised, stunned and bleeding under the deadly hail of stones, he yet cried "Lord lay not this sin to their charge"—all this is wonderful.

And another scene is not less striking. The martyred saint lies cold and dead in the open field, as an outcast

and malefactor; but in the silence of night another group there gathers of quite a different character. Those who loved him and his Master and the cause in which he fell, lifted his lifeless form from the earth, decently enrobed his body for the tomb, and stealthily and sadly bore him to a grave wet with their tears. "And they made great lamentation over him."

The light of ages, at least in this land, has given honor to the gospel, so that its advocates and friends no longer fall by persecution. With us the multitude respect piety, if they fail to practise it. But the good still die, and the church is still often called to mourn her faithful children departed.

The last week, "devout men"—the elders of this church—have borne their brother to his grave near this sanctuary, and all good men, here and around us in this city, cannot refrain from making "great lamentation over him."

We cannot censure this grief. It is not only nature's tribute, but sanctioned by the highest example and the soberest reason, for, while the death of a good man has many consolations, *still it must be regarded as a calamity to the church and the world.* I admit that in the death of a good man, we have many alleviations of sorrow, and there are certain aspects in which we may have joy in such an event.

1. *We cannot lament on the large scale, that God's will in removing our friends, has been accomplished.*—His will fixes our habitation and numbers our days.

Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. His eye comprehends all—his loving kindness is over all his works. His covenant is that all things shall work for good to those that love him. His decisions concerning us and ours, are certain to be wise and beneficent. From his hands we can endure no hardship—under his administration, we can meet no absolute misfortune. We now see as through a glass, darkly, dimly, partially; but his dealings with us are founded on reasons full, adequate and merciful, and these reasons we shall endorse and commend, when we see as we are seen and know as we are known. The good departed, rejoice in the wisdom of their translation and say “the Lord reigneth, let the heavens be glad.” May we have faith, even in our tears, to echo their voice and respond, “the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.”

“The Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O’er all the earth, o’er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the Mercy-seat.”

As God thus decides wisely and mercifully in removing the good from earth, we are to regard them in no sense as victims of misfortune or objects of pity. So far from this, we hear in Revelation a voice from Heaven saying, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.” We cannot mourn that a good man is released from the oppression of earth’s labors—from the crushing weight of life’s cares—from remorse for the past and apprehensive fears of possible evils in the future—from

the chill of disappointment, and the rude collisions of earth's selfishness, envy and malice—from the pangs of social bereavement, and the prospective, ever nearing gloom of the dark valley. We cannot lament that a brother beloved has triumphed over the first, last, dread enemy, at whose approach human nature shudders with horror; that on celestial wings he has reached the sun-side of that cloud, which hangs as a dark, frowning curtain between life here and life immortal.

Especially we cannot lament that an immortal soul, redeemed by the blood of Jesus and quickened into spiritual life by the Holy Ghost—with the loftiest moral standard and the keenest moral sensibility, but yet a child of earth, weeping over in-dwelling sin, over the occasional dominion of appetite and passion, over error and guilt—has been disenthralled, and reached the better land, where all its desires are in harmony with its aspirations. “I shall be satisfied,” says David, “when I awake with thy likeness.”

“No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death can reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.”

Nor 2d, *Can we lament the allotment of a good man, because death has early and suddenly conveyed him to the pure and peaceful joys of Heaven.*—Man is born to die. It is the allotment of his race. Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return, was the sentence of sin; but in the benevolence of the gospel, that which was originally a frown of Deity is transformed to a smile of love, and

the dark angel of the grave becomes an angel of light, translating the faithful to glory.

To be endowed with immortal life in a day of probation—to have found redemption in the cross of Christ, and a new creation by the Holy Spirit—to have enjoyed the instruction of God's truth and the sanctifying influence of God's providence—to have received grace for duty and trial, so as to have finished our allotted labor and borne well our allotted sorrows—to have died in favor with God and man—leaving on earth the radiance of a good example, and inheriting in Heaven a crown of glory that fades not away; this is the brightest consummation of human life. This garners up for the righteous the entire treasures of Heaven's love, and concentrates to the individual the sum total of the highest good. To have exchanged an earthly house for a mansion in Heaven—to have terminated earth's labors in holy rest—to have passed from human friendships to the companionship of saints made perfect and the fellowship of angels and archangels—to have exchanged an earthly sabbath and sanctuary for that upper temple which God and the Lamb illumine, and prayer and penitence for praise and transport—to find the dark curtain of the grave lifted, and the beams of an eternal day breaking on the blest soul,—no wonder the dying Christian cries, “death is swallowed up in victory.”

“Where is the passage to the skies?
The road through death's dark valley lies.
This path the best of men have trod,
And who'd decline the road to God?”

The tears which bedew the grave of a good man, are shed alone by children of earth. A wide and holy universe, welcoming a new inmate, cries, "Blessed are the pious dead."

If all this be so, it may be asked why is the death of the righteous a subject for lamentation? Why did ancient Israel mourn over the graves of Joseph and Moses? Why did Jesus weep at the grave of Lazarus? Why did devout men make great lamentation over Stephen? And why do we bewail the early departure of a good and faithful man from our number?

There are sufficient reasons for our tears. Paul said "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, nevertheless to abide is more needful for you." Heaven may be the gainer—the individual may be the gainer—but earth is the loser when a good man dies. When the sun sets to us, it lights up other lands with its beams; but it leaves us in darkness. Good men are the light of the world; and when they fall, it is as if light-houses were struck down on a dark and stormy coast. It is not in the nature of things to reconcile all conflicting interests, and it often happens that a greater good can only be promoted by the sacrifice of the subordinate. The redemption of the world was a glorious consummation, but it cost the blood of the Son of God. We might weep with Mary at the sepulchre while we praised God for the cross; and we can lament the loss of the righteous while we submit to Providence and say "Blessed are the pious dead."

We lament the death of a good man, 1st, *Because of those incidents which sin has gathered around the grave.* But for the existence of sin, we may believe that like Enoch and Elijah, all would pass in triumph from earth to Heaven. But sin gathers around the grave of our friends the associated recollections of the sick couch, the fevered pulse, the burning brow, the parched tongue, the fainting heart, the agonizing pain, the choked utterance, the final gasp, the paleness and marble coldness of death. It glazes an eye that has beamed on us in love. It palsies a hand that has grasped ours in friendship. It hushes to final silence a voice whose tones have been music to our ears. It first changes to worthless clay, a form that we have delighted to behold, and then locks it from our vision. We cannot meet these results, which sin has mingled with death, without emotion. They impress us in a stranger; but when they gather in gloom around one we love, the heart sinks, and we weep as Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus.

Add to this our violated sympathies. The place vacant at the domestic hearth and table; the seat in the sanctuary empty; the social circle bereaved; the companion, counselor and friend of many years lost to us; the recollection of virtues which perhaps we failed to appreciate; of kindnesses remembered, but the ears deaf which should hear our expressions of gratitude; affections stimulated by our loss, but their channel dried up;

what else can we do in such trials, but make great lamentation over the pious dead?

The solitude of our bereavement is no less oppressive, because the departed are in Heaven. Their very virtues, which made Heaven certain to them, makes earth the more desolate; as the brightest star would be the more missed for its brilliancy. It is not possible to see the good struck down in the midst of life's unfinished plans and labors—of its warm affections and innocent joys—without sorrow.

But mostly we lament the pious dead, *because by their departure the church and the world lose the benefit of their moral influence.*

The harvest is great, the laborers few; and we feel ill able to lose such as are manfully bearing the heat and burden of the day. The battle which the church wages against sin, has always been like the strife of Thermopylæ, when the few struggled with the many. With sin so entrenched and fortified; with foes so numerous and powerful; with so great a stake as the salvation of a world, and so great a peril as the eternal ruin of the lost; where success is Heaven and defeat Perdition to millions; the church has always wept when a good soldier has fallen on the field.

There are men of genius, and learning, and wealth, and cultivated taste, and burning eloquence and fascinating manners, and lofty position, and wide influence, who curse by a bad moral example, the earth on which they tread; who, shrouded in selfishness and steeped in

sensuality, like the glare of false lights on a dangerous shore, prostitute their influence to beckon our youth to moral shipwreck and utter ruin. When such giants of depravity fall by death, we stand silent and appalled as if we had seen the final, eternal culmination of Lucifer, "son of the morning."

The very magnitude of their ruin, as they pass from the high places of earth to the retributions of their sin, partakes of the sublime. We may weep for their madness, we may lament their infatuation, we may shudder at their fate, we may sympathise with their families, we may embalm in our memories the social amiabilities which smiled as green spots in the desert of their moral characters; we may bitterly and benevolently bewail their folly and their fate, their immorality and its eternal shame; but we cannot make great lamentation over their loss. They have had a lofty position and great opportunities, but they trampled on the highest obligations of religion, and struck rudely at the dearest interests of man. No thanks to them that earth, by their example, has not been made one wide waste of selfishness, animalism, licentiousness and impiety. What friend to virtue and human elevation, ever shed a tear over the loss to earth of the presence of Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Bolinbroke, or Shelly, or Byron, or Cæsar, or Napoleon? What friend of virtue can bewail the extinction from earth of splendid powers, prostituted to moral corruption? The church owes no tears to mere genius and position and greatness. It is only when

these are allied to virtue, and consecrated to God and charity, that her children weep around the sepulchres of the mighty.

More than this; there are even professors of the religion of Jesus, over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, shops, stores and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the church would be compelled to say of them, "*gone but not missed.*" She would not miss their charities for Christ and his poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them at the bedside of the sick, nor in the house of the mourner; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne or hard labor to be done for the extension of the gospel. In her Sabbath-school efforts, and Tract distributions; in her endeavors to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness; she would not miss them, for they have not cheered these labors of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers. Like the on-hangers of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field. The loss of such to the church, by death, would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and this pointed the grief at his loss.

And we may in like manner lament the loss of our brother, F. A. RAYBOLD, late a Member, Trustee and Ruling Elder of this church. In some respects his death has great alleviations.

He has died at home, in his bed, by an ordinary disease, surrounded by his family and friends—without agonizing pain—in tranquil confidence in God. He has left to his family and the church a character without a stain, approved and loved of all good men who shared his acquaintance. Concerning him we have no doubts or fears. It is well with him.

But yet we are compelled to lament his loss. Of his professional life, his associates at the Bar have spoken, and I have nothing to add, except my satisfaction that they have endorsed the elevated moral tone of his character. That, thrown upon his own resources and control, in early life an orphan, he was enabled to withstand the temptations of youth amid city associations, and by patient industry to rise to eminence at the Bar of his native city, so distinguished for professional ability, is highly creditable to both his talents and his character. But it is not as a lawyer and a citizen, that we peculiarly lament his loss.

It is easy to supply his place with advocates, to plead in our courts of justice; but difficult to find in his profession many who, like him, will plead before God in prayer for the guilty, and plead with the guilty to be reconciled to God.

He professed religion in this church eighteen years

ago. For twenty years he has been Secretary of the Board of Trustees; and I may say, as his associates have already said in resolutions passed by them, that in all things he was found faithful. To his devotion to this sanctuary of his fathers, his business tact, systematic energy, enterprise, good taste, liberality, moral courage and perseverance, we are greatly indebted for the remodeling of this edifice; and for the peace, unity and pecuniary prosperity of this congregation. He regarded his church with an interest so intense, that he shrunk from no sacrifice of time or labor, essential to its welfare. No matter of minor interest escaped his eye. No duty was either too minute or laborious, if it would minister to the well-being of this congregation. When his great professional cares and labors are considered, we can only account for his willingness to devote so much time to this church, by the fact that his love made such labors light.

No pastor was ever blessed with a parishioner of more considerate and delicate kindness. In sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, in matters temporal and matters spiritual—through near fifteen years—I have found him ever a judicious counselor, and a true hearted and substantial friend; and hence in common with you all, and perhaps more than all, I have felt the weight of this providence.

As a ruling elder of the church he felt his responsibility, and was ever at the post of duty. His place at the Wednesday evening lecture, the Friday evening

prayer-meeting, and the monthly concert, was almost never vacant. He was ready to lead in prayer, and his prayers were always simple, pertinent, comprehensive and feeling.

He loved revivals of religion, and was always ready to sanction and aid any judicious efforts to promote them. His expositions of the Bible, and his public exhortations to his brethren, disclosed a heart of great Christian tenderness and an intellect sanctified by communion with Divine truth. His bearing as an officer of the church, was kind, modest and conciliating. In fifteen years I have heard from him no hint that he indulged a personal pique against a human being. He had a great disapprobation of wrong, and great courage in admonishing delinquents in duty; but for himself he claimed nothing, and "when reviled, reviled not again."

The symmetry of his character was wonderful. He combined great influence with unostentatious humility; a refined taste with an easy fellowship of piety in its rudest developments; great religious enthusiasm with perfect self-control; great attachment to friends with a meek bearing to his foes; a devoted zeal for his own church with a perfect charity towards other Christian communions; laborious industry in his profession with leisure for all the minor duties of friendship and piety; an abundant hospitality and ready charity with a strict economy; energy with patience; childlike confidence with practical wisdom; an easy affability that repelled

none, with a sober self-respect on which none might presume: take him all in all, and none will wonder,

“That him we mourn, so lately lost,
When best employed and wanted most,
For search the land of living men,
We seldom find his like again.”

The Hon. Judge King has commended him as an example to the young men of his profession. I would go farther, and commend him in many respects as an example to myself, to his beloved and cherished brethren in the Session, and to the members of this church.

I do this the rather, as his was an excellence within the reach of other men. He claimed no splendid genius, no profound learning, no controlling eloquence. His course was not that of the cataract, which awes us by its moving weight and deafens us with its thundering roar, but that of the gentle, ever onward, ever widening river, whose track is marked by the living green of its border and the health and cheerfulness which it throws over the landscape.

In closing this discourse I had designed to address specially the legal profession. But my remarks on this occasion must be brief.

As I was myself educated for the Bar, I have been conversant with the profession from my youth. It is doubtless a profession, liable to peculiar moral temptations. Every earthly good is liable to perversion, and the greater the good the more baneful the perversion. But Judas was not the type of the apostolic family; nor are sharpers and knaves, who creep into the legal profes-

sion, to be allowed to represent its character. In the upward progress of society towards light and liberty, the legal profession has been a pioneer. When patriotism was a crime in the darkest days of our English ancestors, whenever courts would hear, legal advocates were not wanting to throw the shield of their eloquence between the tyrant and the martyr.

We are not to degrade a class of men who have vindicated the civil and religious rights of men, in all ages; who as legislators have given symmetry, definiteness and comprehension to the enactments of law, and as judges have associated dignity, order and moral weight with its administration. We are not to degrade a profession which stimulates industry, enterprise and economy, by defining and protecting legal rights. We are to regard a class of men as beneficial who can represent the real interests of men without their prejudices, errors, antipathies and passions—who restrain brute violence by imparting eloquence to the ignorant, and persuade even the guilty to submit to a trial where every extenuation shall be urged and credited—who wring out the truth from partial witnesses, and associate the conflict of human interests and the desperate strifes of personal malice, with order, patience and propriety. We are not to degrade a profession which brings the shrewd and grasping sharper and the most simple and illiterate plowman to a common level, at the bar of justice, and upon whose skill and eloquence we may be called in possible circumstances to rely for the safety of charac-

ter, property, liberty and life. Especially are we called upon not to degrade, in this land, a profession, from which have arisen such patriots as Henry, Hancock, Otis and Adams—such Christians, among the living and dead, as Samuel Hubbard, Charles Chauncy, William Wirt, James Kent, Thomas Grimké, John M'Lean, Theodore Frelinghuysen, and, I may now add, Frederick A. Raybold.

No crusade is to be waged by the Pulpit against the Bar, but all good men may be allowed to wish that a profession so intrinsically honorable, should be ever honored by the elevated moral bearing of its members. The inception and perpetuation of profitless strife, to batten on the gains of the conflict—the toleration of fraud and perjury when it can be sheltered by legal impunity—the sanction of crime for the bribery of its gold—the asseverating falsehood for hire, and crushing truth in the lips of honest witnesses by intimidation and sophistry—the perversion of the very design of law and courts, by making them ministers of practical injustice—the endorsing, by the influence of a learned profession, the low vices of profanity, intemperance and moral profligacy—all these are hateful anywhere, but most odious in men who abide at the altar of justice, and into whose hands are confided the dearest interests of society.

We have a right to expect that men who vindicate right and equity, should themselves be governed by the principles which they so eloquently enforce on courts and juries.

And have we not a right also to expect that a profession so honorable, should lend its universal sanction to the Christian religion? Accustomed to the most searching scrutiny of testimony, may we not expect them to admit the impregnable evidence of the truth of the Bible? Estimating the value of law as a rule of action, enjoining the right and prohibiting the wrong, may we not expect them to rise to the grand source of all authority and law, and bow to the majesty of the throne of God? Perceiving the absolute necessity of penalties to give sanction to human precepts, will they not shudder under the apprehension, in their guilt, of enduring the penalty of that Divine law, which spans a universe and an eternity? They have seen the value of an advocate to the debtor and the criminal, will they not employ that glorious advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous?

May we not expect a profession, which fills with its members the Presidential chair and all high offices of our national and state governments, also to contribute its intelligence, its practical shrewdness, its cultivated refinement, its energy and eloquence to a cause which absorbs the purity and safety of their race and the honor of God? It is not to be questioned, that the rivalships of business—the excitements of constant conflict—the absorption of study—the levities of social intercourse among themselves—with the controlling power of worldliness in the circle in which they move, and the natural repulsiveness of a holy religion to a depraved heart—

have, as a general fact, robbed the world of the religious influence of the legal profession.

Shall it be longer so? Shall the burnished intellect, the eloquent tongue, the persuasive power, the controlling example of the Bar, all be consecrated to earth and earthly things? Have the interests of morality no claims? Has the Saviour that bled on Calvary no claims? Has the peace of your dying hour no claims? Has the well-being of the immortal soul no claim?

Let me the more earnestly urge this upon you, because godliness is profitable to the life that now is. The virtues nourished at the altar of God, are the elements of personal peace, domestic happiness and public approbation. Our lamented brother rose in his profession, not in spite of his religious morality, but greatly in consequence of it.

“Many die as suddenly—few as safe.”

Let me direct your vision to his yet unsodden grave, and while I commend the virtues of his life to your imitation, solemnly say, in view of his death, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.”

A M E N .

